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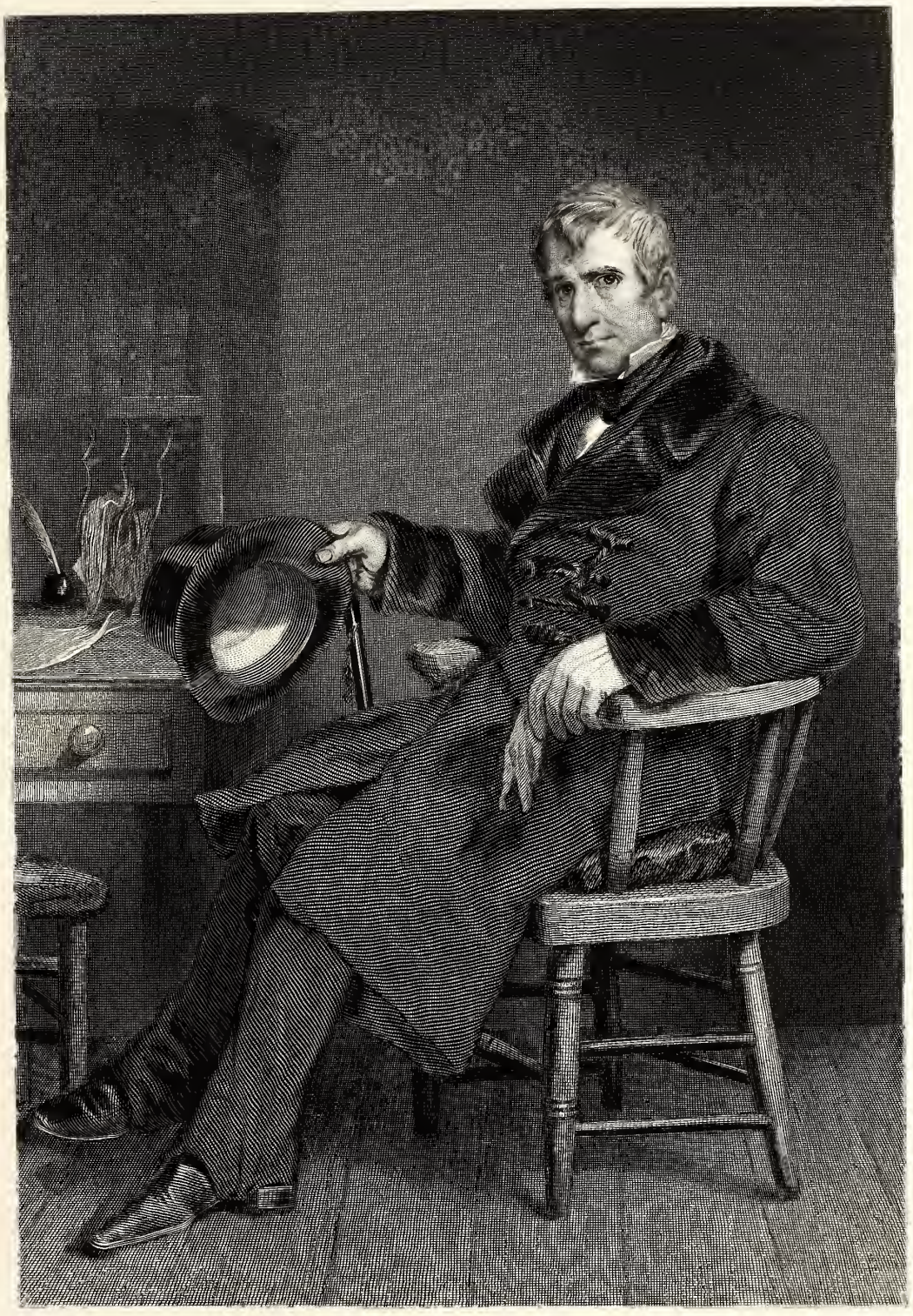

W. H. Harrison

From the original painting by Chappel in the possession of the publishers

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of July, when the Declaration of Independence was received in camp, General Howe had made his appearance in the lower bay from Halifax, where he was speedily joined by his brother, Lord Howe, the admiral, who came bearing ineffectual propositions for reconciliation. Having occasion to address the American Commander-in-Chief, he failed to give him his proper title, lest he should recognize his position, but superscribed his letter, "To George Washington, Esq." This was borne by a messenger asking for *Mr.* Washington, who was properly reminded, by the adjutant who met him, that he knew of no such person in the army, and the letter being produced, it was pronounced inadmissible. The messenger accordingly returned, and General Howe, some days after, sent another, who asked for *General* Washington, and being admitted to his presence, addressed him as *Your Excellency*, offering another letter with various etceteras appended to the simple name, urging that they meant "everything." But Washington was not to be caught by a subterfuge. They may, indeed, said he, mean "everything," but they also mean "anything," and he could not receive a letter relating to his public station directed to him as a private person. So the British adjutant was compelled to report the contents of the epistle, which related to the reconciliation; but here again he was checkmated by Washington, who, aware of the nature of Lord Howe's overtures, replied that they were but pardons, and the Americans, who had committed no offence, but stood only upon their rights, could stand in no need of them. Thus terminated this interview, a most characteristic one, a model for diplomatic action, and even private courtesy, which was highly appreciated by Congress and the country at the time, and which will never be forgotten.

Additional reinforcements to the royal troops on Staten Island now arrived from England; a landing was made by the well-equipped army on Long Island, and a battle was imminent. Washington, who had his headquarters in New York, made vigilant preparations around the city, and at the works on Long Island, which had been planned and fortified by General Greene. This officer unfortunately falling ill, the command fell to General Putnam, who was particularly charged by Washington with instructions for the defence of the passes by which the enemy might approach. These were neglected, an attack was made from opposite sides, and in spite of much valiant fighting on the part of the various defenders, who contended with fearful odds, the day was most disastrous to the Americans. The slaughter was great on this 27th of August, and many prisoners, including General Sullivan and Lord Stirling, were taken. Still the main works at Brooklyn, occupied by the American troops, remained, though, exposed as they were to the enemy's fleet, they were no longer tenable. Washington, whose duties kept him in the city to be ready for its defence, as soon as he heard of the engagement, hastened to the spot, but it was too late to turn the fortunes of

the day. He was compelled to witness the disaster, tradition tells us, not without the deepest emotion. An unknown contemporary versifier of the war, in his simple rhymes, has commemorated the scene:

"Brave Washington did say,
Alas! good God,
Brave men I've lost to-day,
They're in their blood.
His grief he did express
To see them in distress,
His tears and hands witness
He lov'd his men."[1]

But it was the glory of Washington to save the remnant of the army by a retreat more memorable than the victory of General Clinton. The day after the battle, and the next, were passed without any decisive movements on the part of the British, who were about bringing up their ships, and who, doubtless, as they had good reason, considered their prey secure. On the twenty-ninth, Washington took his measures for the retreat, and so perfectly were they arranged, that the whole force of nine thousand, with artillery, horses, and the entire equipage of war, were borne off that night, under cover of the fog, to the opposite shore in triumph. It was a most masterly operation, planned and superintended by Washington from the beginning. He did not sleep or rest after the battle till it was executed, and was among the last to cross.

After this followed in rapid succession, though with no undue haste, the abandonment of New York, the withdrawal of the troops into Westchester, the affair at White Plains, the more serious loss of Fort Washington, and the retreat through the Jerseys. It was the darkest period of the war, the days of which Paine wrote in the memorable expression of the opening number of his "Crisis." "These are the times that try men's souls: the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman." To inferiority in numbers, with a host at its heels, the American soldiery added the serious disqualifying conditions of lack of discipline and poverty of equipment. Enlisted for short terms, with all the evils of a voluntary militia unused to service, it was, as Hamilton, who shared the great chieftain's solicitudes, expressed it, but "the phantom of a military force." The letters of Washington, at this period, and indeed generally throughout the war, are filled with the anxieties of his position, in which he saw his fame perilled with the welfare of his country. The severest suffering for an ingenuous mind is, perhaps, to bear unworthy reproach, to be misconceived by a public for whom every sacrifice is silently borne and endured. This was Washington's lot, for long, weary years of marching and countermarching between the Hudson and the Chesapeake, husbanding his small, inefficient force, retreating to-day, to-morrow advancing, working the "phantom" with such success in the face of the enemy as to perplex the movements of experienced generals with consider-

[1] Ballad Literature of the Revolution. Cyclopædia of American Literature, I. 445.

able forces. Nor was the fault altogether at the door of Congress. That body was, indeed, a popular representation, composed, at the outset, of very able men, and always having such included in its numbers; but it was very loosely tied to its constituency. At present, the delegated power of the representative, where not specially controlled, is absolute; but in the flimsy texture of the unformed body politic of the old confederacy, there was little cohesion of parts or attention to mutual duties. The battles of the Revolution were fought with half-disciplined armies at the will of a half-formed administration. Local State jealousies had to be conciliated, and the people could not appreciate the advantage of an army, firmly handled, as the instrument of its own sovereign authority. The battle had to be fought often and in many parts of the country, according to the immediate necessity and temporary inclination. Much was gained by Washington, but it came slowly and reluctantly, though there were brilliant exceptions in the service. Generally, there was a want of regularity and uniformity. It was somewhat remedied by the extraordinary powers conferred upon Washington at the close of 1776, but the evil was inherent in the necessarily loose political organization.

After the battle of Long Island, there had been little but weariness and disaster, in the movements of Washington, to the end of the year, when, as the forces of Howe were apparently closing in upon him to open the route to Philadelphia, he turned in very despair, and by the brilliant affair at Trenton retarded the motions of the enemy and checked the growing despondency of his countrymen. It was well planned and courageously undertaken. Christmas night, of a most inclement, wintry season, when the river was blocked with ice, was chosen to cross the Delaware, and attack the British and Hessians on the opposite side at Trenton. The expedition was led by Washington in person, who anxiously watched the slow process of the transportation on the river, which lasted from sunset till near the dawn—too long for the contemplated surprise by night. A storm of hail and snow now set in, as the General advanced with his men, reaching the outposts about eight o'clock. A gallant onset was made, in which Lieut. Monroe, afterwards the President, was wounded; Sullivan and the other officers, according to a previously arranged plan, seconded the movement from another part of the town; the Hessians were disconcerted, and their general, Rahl, slain, when a surrender was made, nearly a thousand prisoners laying down their arms. General Howe, astonished at the event, sent out Cornwallis in pursuit, and he had his game seemingly secure, when Washington, in front of him at Trenton, on the same side of the Delaware, made a bold diversion in an attack on the forces left behind at Princeton. It was, like the previous one, conducted by night, and, like the other, was attended with success, though it cost the life of the gallant Mercer. After these brilliant actions the little army took up

its quarters at Morristown for the winter.

In the spring, General Howe made some serious attempts at breaking up the line of Washington in New Jersey, but he was foiled, and compelled to seek another method of reaching Philadelphia. The withdrawal of the British troops would thus have left a simple course to be pursued on the Delaware, had not the attention of Washington been called in another direction by the advance of Burgoyne from Canada. It was natural to suppose that Howe would act in concert with that officer on the Hudson, nor was Washington relieved from the dilemma till intelligence reached him that the British general had embarked his forces, and was actually at the Capes of the Delaware. He then took up a position at Germantown for the defence of Philadelphia. Visiting the city for the purpose of conference with Congress, he there found the Marquis de Lafayette, who had just presented himself, as a volunteer in the cause of liberty, to the government. His reception by Congress had halted a little on his first arrival, but his disinterestedness had overcome all obstacles, and Washington, who had schooled himself to look upon realities without prejudice, gave the young foreign officer a cordial welcome. He took him to the camp, and soon gave him an opportunity to bleed in the sacred cause.

Howe, meanwhile, the summer having passed away in these uncertainties, was slowly making his way up the Chesapeake to the Head of Elk, to gain access to Philadelphia from Maryland, and the American army was advanced to meet him. The British troops numbered about eighteen thousand; the American, perhaps two-thirds of that number. A stand was made by the latter at Chad's Ford, on the east side of the Brandywine, to which Knyphausen was opposed on the opposite bank, while Cornwallis, with a large division, took the upper course of the river, and turned the flank of the position. General Sullivan was intrusted with this portion of the defence; but time was lost, in the uncertainty of information, in meeting the movement, and when the parties met, Cornwallis had greatly the advantage. A rout ensued, which was saved from utter defeat by the resistance of General Greene, who was placed at an advantageous point. Lafayette was severely wounded in the leg in the course of the conflict. Washington was not dismayed by the disaster; on the contrary, he kept the field, marshalling and manœuvring through a hostile country, one thousand of his troops, as he informed Congress, actually barefoot. He would have offered battle, but he was without the means to resist effectually the occupation of Philadelphia. A part of the enemy's forces were stationed at Germantown, a few miles from the city. Washington, considering them in an exposed situation, planned a surprise. It was well arranged, and at the outset was successful; but, owing to the confusion in the heavy fog of the October morning, and loss of strength and time in attacking a strongly defended mansion at the entrance of the village, what should have been a brilliant victory

was changed into a partial defeat. The action, however, as Mr. Sparks observes, was "not without its good effects. It revived the hopes of the country by proving, that notwithstanding the recent successes of the enemy, neither the spirit, resolution and valor of the troops, nor the energy and confidence of the commander, had suffered any diminution." It was the remark of the French minister, the Count de Vergennes, on hearing of these transactions, "that nothing struck him so much as General Washington's attacking and giving battle to General Howe's army; that to bring an army, raised within a year, to this, promised everything."

Thus closed the campaign of 1777 in Pennsylvania, while Burgoyne was laying down his arms to the northern army at Saratoga. Though it was Washington's lot to endure all the difficulties of the service while Gates was reaping the rewards of victory, the former had his share in the counsels which led to that brilliant event. His letter to Schuyler, of the 22d of July, exhibited a knowledge of the position, and a prescience of the exact result, which show how successfully he would have managed the campaign in person. He notices Burgoyne's first successes, and argues that they "will precipitate his ruin," while he sees his weakness in acting in detachment, exposing his parties to great hazard. "Could we," he writes, "be so happy as to cut one of them off, supposing it should not exceed four, five, or six hundred men, it would inspirit the people, and do away much of their present anxiety." Had he written after, instead of before the event, he could not better have described the influence of Bennington. To Washington, as the directing head of the national army, belongs his full share of the glories of Saratoga; yet the accidental greatness which fell to the vainglorious Gates was made the occasion of assaults upon the Commander-in-Chief, which would have crept from their mean concealments into open revolt, had not the conspiracy been strangled in its infancy by the incorruptibility of his friends and the virtue of the country.

The encampment at Valley Forge succeeded the scenes we have described. It is a name synonymous with suffering. Half clad, wanting frequently the simplest clothing, without shoes or blankets, the army was hutted in the snows and ice of that inclement winter. Yet they had Washington with them urging every means for their welfare, while his "Lady," as his wife was always called in the army, came from Mount Vernon, as was her custom during these winter encampments, to lighten the prevailing despondency. She lived simply with her husband, sharing the humble provisions of the camp, and occupying herself with her needle in preparing garments for the naked. Washington, meanwhile, was busy with a Committee of Congress in putting the army on a better foundation.

With the return of summer came the evacuation of Philadelphia by the British, who were pursuing their route across New Jersey to embark on the waters of New York. Washington with his forces was watching their

movements from above. Shall he attack them on their march? There was a division of opinion among his officers. The equivocal Charles Lee, then unsuspected, was opposed to the step; but Washington, with his best advisers, Greene, Lafayette, and Wayne, was in favor of it. He accordingly sent Lafayette forward, when Lee interposed, and claimed the command of the advance. Washington himself moved on with the reserve towards the enemy's position near Monmouth Court House, to take part in the fortunes of the day, the 28th of June. As he was proceeding, he was met by the intelligence that Lee was in full retreat, without notice or apparent cause, endangering the order of the rear, and threatening the utmost confusion. Presently he came upon Lee himself, and demanded from him with an emphasis roused by the fiercest indignation—and the anger of Washington when excited was terrific—the cause of the disorder. Lee replied angrily, and gave such explanation as he could of a superior force, when Washington, doubtless mindful of his previous conduct, answered him with dissatisfaction, and, it is said, on the authority of Lafayette, ended by calling the retreating general "a damned poltroon."[1] It was a great day for the genius of Washington. He made his arrangements on the spot to retrieve the fortunes of the hour, and so admirable were the dispositions, and so well was he seconded by the bravery of officers and men, even Lee, redeeming his character by his valor, that at the close of that hot and weary day, the Americans having added greatly to the glory of their arms, remained at least equal masters of the field. The next morning it was found that Sir Henry Clinton had withdrawn towards Sandy Hook. The remainder of the season was passed by Washington on the eastern borders of the Hudson, in readiness to coöperate with the French, who had now arrived under D'Estaing, and in watching the British in New York. In December he took up his winter quarters at Middlebrook, in New Jersey. The event of the next year in the little army of Washington, was Wayne's gallant storming of Stony Point, on the Hudson, one of the defences of the Highlands, which had been recently captured and manned by Sir Henry Clinton. The attack on the night of the 15th July was planned by Washington, and his directions in his instructions to Wayne, models of careful military precision, were faithfully carried out. Henry Lee's spirited attack on Paulus Hook, within sight of New York, followed, to cheer the encampment of Washington, who now busied himself in fortifying West Point. Winter again finds the army in quarters in New Jersey, this time at Morristown, when the hardships and severities of Valley Forge were even exceeded in the distressed condition of the troops in that rigorous season. The main incidents of the war are henceforth at the South.

The most prominent event in the personal career of Washington, of the year 1780, is certainly the defection of Arnold, with its attendant execution of Major Andre. This unhappy trea-

[1] Dawson's "Battles of the United States," I. 408.

son was every way calculated to enlist his feelings, but he suffered neither hate nor sympathy to divert him from the considerate path of duty. We may not pause over the subsequent events of the war, the renewed exertions of Congress, the severe contests in the South, the meditated movement upon New York the following year, but must hasten to the sequel at Yorktown. The movement of the army of Washington to Virginia was determined by the expected arrival of the French fleet in that quarter from the West Indies. Lafayette was already on the spot, where he had been engaged in the defence of the country from the inroads of Arnold and Phillips. Cornwallis had arrived from the South, and unsuspicious of any serious opposition was entrenching himself on York River. It was all that could be desired, and Washington, who had been planning an attack upon New York with Rochambeau, now suddenly and secretly directed his forces by a rapid march southward. Extraordinary exertions were made to expedite the troops. The timely arrival of Colonel John Lawrens, from France, with an instalment of the French loan in specie, came to the aid of the liberal efforts of the financier of the Revolution, Robert Morris. Lafayette, with the Virginians, was hedging in the fated Cornwallis. Washington had just left Philadelphia, when he heard the joyous news of the arrival of De Grasse in the Chesapeake. He hastened on to the scene of action in advance of the troops, with De Rochambeau gaining time to pause at Mount Vernon, which he had not seen since the opening of the war, and enjoy a day's hurried hospitality with his French officers at the welcome mansion. Arrived at Williamsburg, Washington urged on the military movements with the energy of anticipated victory. "Hurry on, then, my dear sir," he wrote to General Lincoln, "with your troops on the wings of speed." To make the last arrangements with the French admiral, he visited him in his ship, at the mouth of James' River. Everything was to be done before succor could arrive from the British fleet and troops at New York. The combined French and American forces closed in upon Yorktown, which was fortified by redoubts and batteries, and on the first of October, the place was completely invested. The first parallel was opened on the sixth. Washington lighted the first gun on the ninth. The storming of two annoying redoubts by French and American parties were set down for the night of the fourteenth. Hamilton, at the head of the latter, gallantly carried one of the works at the point of the bayonet without firing a shot. Washington watched the proceeding at imminent hazard. The redoubts gained were fortified and turned against the town. The second parallel was ready to open its fire. Cornwallis vainly attempted to escape with his forces across the river. He received no relief from Sir Henry Clinton, at New York, and on the 17th he proposed a surrender. On the 19th, the terms having been dictated by Washington, the whole British force laid down their arms. It was the virtual termination of the war,

the crowning act of a vast series of military operations planned and perfected by the genius of Washington.

During the remainder of the war, his efforts and vigilance were not relaxed; and he had one opportunity, ever memorable in the annals of political liberty, of showing his superiority to the common ambition of conquerors. In May, 1782, a letter was addressed to him by Col. Nicola, an officer who had the esteem of the army, stating the inefficiency of the existing administration, and suggesting a mixed form of government, with a King at its head, with no indirect appeal to the ambition of the Commander-in-Chief as the proper recipient of the office. To this, Washington replied with the utmost decision, but without the least affectation of doing anything heroic; he simply puts the idea out of the way as something utterly inadmissible, "painful" and "disagreeable" to his mind. He rejects it as a gentleman would an unhandsome suggestion. Much has been said of this matter, and there is reason to believe not unjustifiably, in praise of Washington. "There was unquestionably," says Mr. Sparks, "at this time, and for some time afterwards, a party in the army, neither small in number nor insignificant in character, prepared to second and sustain a measure of this kind, which they conceived necessary to strengthen the civil power, draw out the resources of the country, and establish a durable government." No one felt these evils more keenly than Washington, but he had too much faith in the Republic to despair of a better method of cure. He knew as well as any that he could not be king if he would; the anecdote is quite sufficient to prove, where proof was not wanting, that he would not if he could.

Another opportunity yet remained to exhibit his control of the temper of the army, and his habitual deference of military to civil government. The occasion arose while he was with the troops at headquarters at Newburg, in the spring of 1783, on the eve of the receipt of the final intelligence of peace. Congress, always dilatory in providing for the army, had shown an unwillingness or incapacity to meet their claims; patient remonstrance had been disregarded; and now a meeting of officers was called, instigated by an appeal of extraordinary vigor, one of the compositions since ascertained to have been written by General John Armstrong, and known as "The Newburg Letters," which threatened serious revolt. It was not the first time that Washington had been called to act in such an emergency. In the withdrawal of the Pennsylvania line from the camp at the beginning of 1781, he had met a similar difficulty, with great prudence and moderation. He now brought these qualities to bear with a quickness and decision proportioned to the crisis. Summoning the officers together, he addressed to them a firm but tender remonstrance, opening his address with a touch of pathos which gained all hearts. Pausing after he had commenced his remarks, to take his spectacles from his pocket, he remarked that he had "grown grey in their service, and now I am growing

blind." It was the honest heart of Washington, and the disaffected responded to the wisdom and feeling of his address.

The news of peace arrived within the month, and the army prepared to separate. In memory of their fraternity, the Society of the Cincinnati was founded, consisting of officers of the Revolution and their descendants, with Washington at its head. In the beginning of November, he took leave of the army in an address from headquarters, with his accustomed warmth and emotion, and on the 25th, entered New York at the head of a military and civic procession as the British evacuated the city. On the 4th of December, he was escorted to the harbor on his way to Congress, at Annapolis, to resign his command, after a touching scene of farewell with his officers at Fraunces' Tavern, when the great chieftain did not disdain the sensibility of a tear and the kiss of his friends. Arrived at Annapolis, having on the way delivered to the proper officer at Philadelphia his accounts of his expenses during the war, neatly written out by his own hand, on the twenty-third of the month he restored his commission to Congress, with a few remarks of great felicity, in which he commended "the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God; and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping."

Mount Vernon again welcomed its restored lord. He reached his home the day before Christmas, and cheerily, doubtless, the smoke on that sacred holiday ascended from the thankful festivities. A few days after, a letter to Governor Clinton, of New York, his old comrade in arms, records the innermost feeling of his heart. "The scene," he writes, "is at last closed. I feel myself eased of a load of public care. I hope to spend the remainder of my days in cultivating the affections of good men and in the practice of the domestic virtues." Did ever conqueror so resign his heart before?

We may not linger, tempting as is the theme, over the simple life on the Potomac, though there is to be studied, no less than in camps and senates, the true nature of the man. Kind, hospitable, sympathetic to every worthy appeal, engaged in the care of his estate, sowing, planting, reaping, the youthfulness of his old family circle renewed in the children of young Custis, who had followed his sister to an early grave, he lived in dignified, cheerful retirement. He even revived his old sports of the chase, though he had no longer the veteran Fairfax to cheer him on with his halloo. The old nobleman had lived to listen to the tidings of Yorktown, when he turned himself to the wall and died.

Here Fame might be content to close the scene in her record of her favorite child. At the treaty of peace he was fifty-one, and had gloriously consummated the duties of two memorable eras in the history of his country, each drawing along its train of ideas—the war with France and the war with Great Britain; a double relief from foreign bondage; the establishment of religious and political independence.

His services to either would well supply enough of incident and eulogy for these pages—but two further eras are yet before him. He is to assist, by his all-powerful voice and example, in guiding the nation he, more than any, had formed, through its perilous crisis—the dangerous period when it was first left to itself—to the calm maintenance of civil liberty. It is the youth just freed from the restraint of harsh and iniquitous parentage, putting himself under the yoke of a new and voluntary submission. This second pupilage, to self-government, resulted in the formation of the Constitution. Many ministered to that noble end, far more worthy of admiration even than the previous wars, but who more anxiously, more perseveringly, than Washington? His authority carried the heart and intelligence of the country with it, and most appropriately was he placed at the head of the Convention, in 1787, which gave a government to the scattered States and made America a nation.

Once more he was called to listen to the highest demands of his country in his unanimous election to the Presidency. With what emotions, with what humble resignation to the voice of duty, with how little fluttering of vain glory let the modest entry, in his Diary, of the 16th April, 1789, cited by Washington Irving, tell: "About ten o'clock," he writes, "I bade adieu to Mount Vernon, to private life and to domestic felicity; and with a mind oppressed with more anxious and painful sensations than I have words to express, set out for New York with the best disposition to render service to my country in obedience to its call, but with less hope of answering its expectations." He must have felt, gravely as he bore his responsibilities, something of exulting emotion as he was borne along to the seat of government at New York by the hearty plaudits of his countrymen. Yet we never hear, in a single instance, then or afterwards, of his exhibiting any feeling, or manifesting any conduct inconsistent with the simplest decorum of a gentleman. He was eminently friendly and social, but calm, dignified, and reserved, superadding doubtless something, as was fitting, to his natural gravity, in thought of the nation which he represented, but far removed from mock greatness.

We have the most authentic means of appreciating Washington at this time, in his private Diary, which has been printed, from the first day of October, 1789, to the 10th day of March, 1790. He had been five months seated in the Presidency, his inauguration having taken place on the 30th April. During a portion of this time he had been prostrated by illness, and death seemed at hand. We may pause to note his reply to his physician, Dr. Bard, who could not but express his fears of his recovery: "Whether to-night or twenty years hence makes no difference; I know that I am in the hands of a good Providence;" the very breathing of pious resignation. If aught were needed, news of his mother's death, at Fredericksburg, came to temper the sober joy of his convalescence. The care of setting the machin-

ery of the new government in motion succeeded, when Congress adjourned, and the Diary introduces us to the New England tour, extending into New Hampshire, to which he devoted this interval of leisure. His roadside observations on this journey show his knowledge of agriculture, of which he was always a fond observer, with many simple traits of character by the way, and one famed historic passage in his account of the reception at Boston, where Governor Hancock, slow in appreciating national etiquette, seemed to hesitate whether more was due to himself or to his Presidential guest. We may learn, too, from the Diary, his conscientious scrutiny, in private, of the processes leading to his public acts, and may venture within his sacred hours of retirement and open those doors which were always closed to the world. On Sundays, he attends church in the morning, while at New York, at St. Pauls, and occupies the afternoons with his private correspondence. On Tuesday his house is open to all comers. There are many anecdotes of his residence here and at Philadelphia, of his mode of living during his two terms of the Presidency. He was an early riser, a habit with him through life, and apportioned his day with the strictest accuracy. Economy he always practised on principle, "for the privilege of being independent;" and the story is told of his rebuking his steward for bringing on his table an expensive fish before it was in season. His table, however, was well served, and the affairs of his kitchen, like the rest of his establishment, were conducted with exemplary system. The name of his cook, Hercules, "Uncle Harkless," is commemorated in the "Recollections" of his adopted son, George Washington Parke Custis, who also tells us of the decorum preserved in the stables by the veteran, Bishop, who had been the body servant of General Braddock. The test of his "muslin horses" was, that they should not soil a handkerchief of that fabric. Washington was a true Virginian in his fondness for horses. His cream-colored coach, with six shining bays, was long an object of admiration to the people of Philadelphia. These, and the like anecdotes, are subordinate to the greatness of Washington's public life, but they bring before us the man.[1]

In 1791, Washington made a Presidential tour through the Southern States, similar to his tour to the East, which has also been made public in his printed Diary. He travelled in his carriage along the seaboard through Virginia and the Carolinas to Georgia, when he had the opportunity of traversing many scenes of the war, which he had watched with so much anxiety, and which had been hitherto known to him only by report.

[1] Ample illustrations of this character are before the public in Mr. Custis' Recollections, with Mr. Lossing's notes; the latter's "Mount Vernon and its Associates;" the Northern and Southern Tours of Washington, in his two Diaries, published by Mr. Richardson, at New York, and the late Mr. Richard Rush's review of the Correspondence of Washington with his private secretary, Lear. Irving's Life abounds with fine personal traits of character; Mrs. Kirkland has added much in her excellent "Memoirs" from a careful study of the original MSS. in the Department of State; Paulding's "Life" has something that is not elsewhere, and every student of Washington must acknowledge with pleasure his obligation in little things, as in great, to Mr. Jared Sparks.

Meanwhile, parties were gradually forming in the government—the conservative and the progressive, such as will always arise in human institutions—represented in the administration by the rival statesmen, Hamilton and Jefferson; but Washington honestly recognized no guide but the welfare of his country, and the rising waves of faction beat harmlessly beneath his Presidential chair. One test question, however, rose in those days into gigantic proportions. The example of America was followed by France with enthusiasm in the recovery of her liberties, and the hearts of noble-spirited men throughout the world responded to her efforts for freedom. Washington could not but extend his cordial sympathy, when Lafayette sent to him the thrilling intelligence, and forwarded to his keeping, as a souvenir of rising liberty, the key of the Bastile; yet even then he breathes a prayer for the safety of his friend in "the tremendous tempests" which had "assailed the political ship." In the darker days of the Republic, stained with blood, which succeeded, he watched with trembling the staggering of the ship. It was in Washington's second administration, to which he had been chosen with no dissentient voice, that French affairs really became a home question. The minister Genet then came to America, and prosecuted his insulting attempts to enlist the sympathies of America in the war of his country with England, and violate the professed neutrality of the government. A considerable portion of the people were so forgetful of themselves and their country as to favor his schemes; but no such sophistry or delusion could reach the mind of Washington. He stood firm, and the whole country learnt in time to acquiesce in the wisdom of his decision; but many a pang was inflicted first on the heart of the President, who was keenly sensitive to popular ingratitude. The contest culminated in the struggle over Jay's British Treaty in Congress, and Washington fairly gained a triumph in the vote of approval. There were other public events of importance in his two administrations. The Western Indian War, and the Pennsylvania Whisky Insurrection, both deeply engaged his attention. His emotion on first hearing the news of St. Clair's defeat, exhibited in the presence of his private secretary, Tobias Lear, was one of those bursts of passion, brief and rare, in his life, but fearful in their strength. His instructions to that officer, on parting, had been most careful. He was about to engage in a warfare which Washington had learnt to know so well, in the experiences of his early life, and his injunctions were given with proportionate earnestness. "Beware," said he at parting, "of a surprise;" and St. Clair departed with the startling admonition. When Washington heard of the disaster to his troops, the scene of desolation, with all its consequences, came vividly to his mind with the lurking strength of his own old impressions. "Oh, God! oh, God!" he exclaimed, "he's worse than a murderer! How can he answer it to his country! The blood of the slain is upon him—the curse of widows and orphans—the curse of heaven!" This

fervid outbreak was followed, almost instantly, by the rebound, which was truly characteristic of Washington: "I will hear him without prejudice; he shall have justice." Thus, in the very tempest and whirlwind of his rage, in the words of the great dramatist, there was "a temperance to beget a smoothness." Washington was always true to the cardinal principle of justice. In like manner with the Pennsylvania insurgents, he was zealous in the maintenance of authority, but disposed to mercy at the first signs of submission.

As the close of his second administration approached, he turned his thoughts eagerly to Mount Vernon for a few short years of repose; and well had he earned them by his long series of services to his country. He would have been welcomed for a third term, but office had no temptation to divert him from his settled resolution. Yet he parted fondly with the nation, and like a parent, desired to leave some legacy of counsel to his country. Accordingly, he published in September, 1796, in the "Daily Advertiser," in Philadelphia, the paper known as his Farewell Address to the People of the United States. It had long engaged his attention; he had planned it himself, and, careful of what he felt might be a landmark for ages, had consulted Jay, Madison and Hamilton in its composition. The spirit and sentiment, the political wisdom and patriotic fervor were every whit his own. Opening with a few personal remarks in reference to his Presidency, he proceeds enlarging his view to new generations in the future. His first thought is for the preservation of national unity—that the Union should receive "a cordial, habitual and immovable attachment." The force of language cannot be exceeded with which he urges the importance of this theme by every appeal of sensibility and interest. The Constitution is then commended, as the guardian of the whole, to the national affection and respect, with a warning intimation of the dangers of party-spirit carried to excess. Equally upon governors and governed does he impress his views. At home he calls for the diffusion of knowledge, a respect for public credit, avoiding needless debt; and for our intercourse with other nations, strict impartiality. Let us have, says he, "as little *political* connection with them as possible." This and Union are the main themes of the discourse, which closes with the anticipation of "that retreat in which I promise myself to realize, without alloy, the sweet enjoyment of partaking, in the midst of my fellow-citizens, the benign influence of good laws under a free government, the ever favorite object of my heart, and the happy reward, as I trust, of our mutual cares, labors and dangers."

Thus, once again, Mount Vernon received her son, destined never long to repose unsolicited by his country. France, pursuing her downward course, adopted an aggressive policy towards the nation, which the most conciliating deference could no longer support. A state of quasi war existed, and actual war was imminent. The President looked to Washington to organize the

army and take the command, should it be brought into action, and he accordingly busied himself in the necessary preparations. It was best, he thought, to be prepared for the worst while looking for the best. New negotiations were then opened, but he did not live to witness their pacific results. He was at his home at Mount Vernon, intent on public affairs, and making his rounds in his usual farm occupations, with a vigor and hardihood which had abated little for his years, when, on the 12th December, he suffered some considerable exposure from a storm of snow and rain which came on while he was out, and in which he continued his ride. It proved, the next day, that he had taken cold, but he made light of it, and passed his usual evening cheerfully with the family circle. He became worse during the night with inflammation of the throat. He was seriously ill. Having sent for his old army surgeon, Dr. Craik, he was bled by his overseer, and again on the arrival of the physician. All was of no avail, and he calmly prepared to die. "I am not afraid," said he, "to go," while with ever thoughtful courtesy he thanked his friends and attendants for their little attentions. Thus the day wore away, till ten in the night, when his end was fast approaching. He noticed the failing moments, his last act being to place his hand upon his pulse, and calmly expired. It was the fourteenth of December, 1799. His remains were interred in the grave on the bank at Mount Vernon, in front of his residence, and there, in no long time, according to her prediction at the moment of his death, his wife, Martha, whose miniature he always wore on his breast, was laid beside him. She died within three years of her husband, at Mount Vernon, the 22d of May, 1802.

We need not follow a mourning public in their sorrow and lamentations over the grave of Washington, or trace the growing admiration which attends his name throughout the world wherever it has been heard. His merits and virtues are now proudly spoken of and dearly reverenced in the land of his ancestors, against which he led the armies of his countrymen. Every day it is felt that he belongs more and more to the world. He enjoys that apotheosis of fame awarded to the great spirits of the earth, who have been chosen by Providence to grand national duties; but more than most of them, his memory is the reward of a life of piety and purity, of simple faith and justice, of unrelaxing duty; great in its acts, greater in the heart, inspiring virtues which dictated them.

JOSEPH WARREN.

Nations, like families, have their sorrows and regrets at the tomb. Their sons, too, fall in youth, in the first blush of promise, in the early noble efforts of performance. As the sun is rising, and men watch its glowing dawn, anticipating the glory of its mid-day career, and the warm effulgence of its parting honors—it is suddenly stricken from the heavens. Such youthful heroes there have been, "the rose and expectancy of the fair state," cut off in their prime, to be wept by poets and mourned by patriots, from the young Marcellus to the gentle Sir Philip Sidney. The family records of history tell of their honor, their courage, their martyr spirit; how their benevolence went hand in hand with valor; how fondly the old looked upon them, how dear they were to their equals. Their story is indeed short; but men read in it all they have lost in the possibilities of life had the tale been longer. We study men's lives backward, to discover the germs of excellence in their youth; may we not also prophecy of what would have been had opportunity been given? No augury of excellence could well be based on a surer foundation than the hope which was dashed to the ground with the fall of Warren.

The immediate family of this proto-martyr of the Revolution is traced to Peter Warren, a mariner, who purchased lands in Boston, in 1659. His son, Joseph, settled at Roxbury, where he was succeeded by a son of the same name, eminent as an agriculturist, who was the father of Dr. Warren, of the Revolution. This son, Joseph, the third of the name, the subject of this sketch, was born at Roxbury, June 11, 1741. He was fourteen years of age at the time of his father's death, and as he graduated at Harvard, in 1759, he must then, if he entered the lowest class, have just commenced his studies at that institution. He had been previously instructed in the excellent public school at Roxbury; for the fathers of New England provided well, not only for honored Harvard, but for elementary education through the country.

On leaving college, with the reputation of a youth of spirit and adventure, Warren engaged at once in the study of medicine, and on the completion of his course, began the practice of his profession in Boston. His skill is spoken of, in the treatment of the small-pox, and it is certain that he soon obtained a considerable professional reputation. He married, in 1764, Miss Elizabeth Hooton, daughter of a physician of Boston, who bore him several

children, and died before him at the age of twenty-six, in 1773.

Professional life, commonly a sedative for all active interference with the affairs of the world beyond its own sphere, does not appear to have been at all in the way of Warren's independence of character. When a British ministry resolved to interfere with the administration of the colonies, by imposing new and unheard of taxes on the community, no one sooner took up the note of warning, or became more resolute in opposition.

A letter written by him, in 1766, to his friend, Mr. Edmund Dana, a graduate of his year in college, who was now in England, expresses, in calm, measured terms, the sentiments of intelligent, educated Americans of that period. He writes of the excitement which has extended through the whole continent, and of the danger of oppressing a people with whom "freedom and equality is the state of nature." He has, evidently, looked clearly into the principles of the controversy. He sees around him a nation which has fairly, in the exile of its fathers, and the hardships of the sons, purchased its birthright of liberty, civil and religious—liberties which it is not at all disposed to relinquish, for it knows well the cost at which they were purchased.

Warren stood alongside of Samuel Adams and the most ardent of the patriots. His newspaper attack upon Governor Bernard in 1768, in the communications signed "A True Patriot," in the "Boston Gazette," is proof alike of his wit and the temper of the times. We also hear about this time of Warren's participation in the famous North End Club, or Caucus, as it got to be called, which exercised so powerful an influence in the revolutionary movements in Boston. Eliot tells us that he drew up the regulations on the readjustment and enlargement of the Club in 1772, and that nothing of any importance was ever carried on without consulting him. He was in fact, by his sagacity and circumspection in business of this confidential nature, one of "the secret springs that moved the great wheels" of the inconsiderate, noisy politicians without who hardly felt the guidance.

It was in this year that Warren was called on to deliver the second anniversary discourse commemorative of the fall of the citizens by the fire of the foreign troops, known as the Boston Massacre. This was an undertaking, in presence of the Colonial Court and Council, and the very soldiery who were the subjects of comment, which well might be considered the very forlorn hope of political oratory. The duty was twice performed by Warren—in 1772, and again shortly before his fall in 1775. His discourse on the first occasion was argumentative, firm and patriotic. Its composition is certainly highly creditable to his taste and judgment. The second, also delivered at the Old South Church, was in the midst of a scene which would make a most effective subject for a painter. The very pulpit stairs and pulpit were occupied by soldiers of the garrison. It was doubtful whether he would be permitted to proceed. While he was speaking, a Captain of the Royal

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